

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, March 22, 1879.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

50c in ADVANCE, or \$2.50 if NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Postage Free to Subscribers.

Any subscriber desiring to change his post-office address or to discontinue his paper, or to have it forwarded to another office which is his present address, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to the application card, and will be sent with the subscriber's application to the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

Collector's Notices.

S. N. TAHER, Agent upon our subscribers in Massachusetts during March.

Mrs. C. S. ATHER, Agent for the FARMER, will call upon our subscribers in Lincoln county during April.

Mr. J. F. CLARK is now calling upon our subscribers in Waldo county.

Editorial Change.

Mr. S. L. Boardman, who for the past sixteen years has been connected with the FARMER, and for a large portion of the time its agricultural editor, will after this date have no connection with the paper. Mr. Boardman has enjoyed the benefits resulting from a wide acquaintance with the people of Maine, and has made the varied industries, the mechanic arts, and the agriculture of the State his study. He is a quiet man, of large observation, of studious habits, a ready, easy, graceful writer. During the many years that he has been connected with the agricultural department of the FARMER, he has made that part of the paper second to no paper in the country devoted to the same cause, and has won for himself a reputation as one of the best writers on agricultural topics in New England. He has many warm friends in Maine who will regret his departure from the FARMER and from the State (being understood that he will shortly move to Boston), and with the readers and publishers of the paper, most heartily with his abundant success in all the undertakings of life.

Mr. William B. Lapham, who for the past seven years, with the exception of the last nine months, has been the general editor of this paper, after the issue of this number, assumes the duties of agricultural editor. Dr. Lapham is well known throughout Maine. Born and reared upon a farm he knows by the experience derived only from years of toil and service, the actual work and pleasures of a farmer's life. Liberally educated, of an inquiring mind, a close student, a strong thinker, a forcible, vigorous writer, he unites the qualities requisite to fill the editorial chair of a paper founded by Dr. Ezekiel Holmes. With genuine interest in the work he is to thoroughly versed in the science and chemistry of farming, an intimate knowledge of all sections of the State and its people, the readers of the FARMER can feel assured that this paper in the future will maintain the high stand it has occupied in the past.

Pedestrianism.

In the days of the Roman Empire, its subjects were "so sensible of the importance of value without skill and practice, that, in their language, the name of an army was borrowed from the word which signifies exercise." Military exercises were the constant object of their discipline; their exercises comprehended whatever "would add strength to the body, activity to the limbs or grace to the person." The soldiers were all instructed to walk to run, to leap, to swim, to carry heavy burdens. It was the duty of the generals and the governors to encourage these exercises by their presence, and example and often to dispute with them the prize of superior strength. It is said that Hadrian's life, one of the ablest of the Roman generals and emperors, was almost a perpetual journey. An historian in speaking of him says: "Excesses of the difference of seasons and of climates, he marched on foot, and bare-headed, over the snows of Caledonia, and the sultry plains of the Upper Egypt."

For centuries before the birth of Christ, gymnastics were made a part of medical study and became a State master. Plato and Aristotle considered that no reputable could be deemed perfect in which gymnastics, as part of the national establishments were neglected. The Spartans were the most rigid in exacting for their youth gynastic training. During all ages and among all races the masculine sport of foot racing has been ever enjoyed. Among the many forms of exercise, including archery, wrestling, foot racing, boxing, fencing, horseback riding, ball playing and cricket, the most available exercise is walking. Walking is, however, of little benefit as an exercise unless done at a rapid rate. Exercise must be taken in a manner to exhilarate and it then produces fine muscular development which is necessary for vigor of body and mind; for perfect health and a vigorous mind are only to be found in a body whose muscular organization is fully developed. Walking is necessarily the most natural exercise, but it must be indulged in with discretion. All things are subject to the universal law "The far and no farther." The walking manna which has been spreading over this continent, and producing in every town, village and hamlet, a five, or ten, or twenty, or fifty mile champion, may benefit, after all many people, if it will awaken an interest in healthful exercise.

This manna has taken shape in walking matches which culminated in a contest last week at Gilmore's garden in New York City. This was a race, four men participating, to see who would cover the most miles in six days, go as they pleased. It was for the Astley belt and gate money which amounted to over fifty thousand dollars. The contestants were Daniel O'Leary of Clacton, an Irish-American, who won the Astley champion belt in a similar contest in London two years ago when he made the wonderful record of 520 miles and two laps in one hundred and forty-two hours. Charles Rowell an Englishman who is backed by Sir John Astley. Rowell had a record when he commenced the contest, of four hundred and sixty-nine and a half miles in six days. John Evans of Chicago, who had a record of four hundred and two miles made in London, and Charles A. Harrison of Whitefield in this State. Harrison had won many local contests in Maine, but had no state record. The walk began at one o'clock Monday morning, and closed Saturday at eleven o'clock. O'Leary was expected to win before the race began, but at the end of two days he was thirty miles behind, and on the third day broke down and was withdrawn from the contest. Rowell won the belt and championship, and \$20,000, having walked five hundred miles in one hundred and forty hours. Evans was second, having made four hundred and seventy-five miles, and Harrison third, having walked four hundred and fifty miles. Rowell made one hundred and ten miles the first day.

The interest in this contest has been very great; Gilmore's Garden accommodates 2000 people and it was constantly from the start. During a portion of each day the crowd was so great it could not gain admittance. The telegraph sent through the land hourly, bulletins of the state of the contest, which were posted in public places and published in the newspapers. Even across the water the progress of the race was watched with interest. The crowd was not composed of loungers and bar-room loafers, but lawyers, judges, divines, bankers—the business men and the men and women of all grades of society witnessed it, or read of the contest.

wife of Sir Edward Thornton, the English Minister to this country, Miss Anna Dickinson, Pierrepont Edwards, the British Consul at New York, Lord Lennox, Governor Tilden, Senator Blaine, Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Senator Henry Ward Beecher and August Belmont, are a few among the many representative people in the higher walks of life who visited the Garden during the walk.

The American people—especially American women are little inclined to walk, in fact they "never, well, hardly ever," walk if they can ride. While this contest may be on the part of the exhibitors an effort on their part, still if it shall stimulate a desire in every grade of society, for walking, it will have done good.

All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to the application card, and with the subscriber's signature to the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

Collector's Notices.

S. N. TAHER, Agent upon our subscribers in Massachusetts during March.

Mrs. C. S. ATHER, Agent for the FARMER, will call upon our subscribers in Lincoln county during April.

Mr. J. F. CLARK is now calling upon our subscribers in Waldo county.

Editorial Change.

Mr. S. L. Boardman, who for the past sixteen years has been connected with the FARMER, and for a large portion of the time its agricultural editor, will after this date have no connection with the paper. Mr. Boardman has enjoyed the benefits resulting from a wide acquaintance with the people of Maine, and has made the varied industries, the mechanic arts, and the agriculture of the State his study. He is a quiet man, of large observation, of studious habits, a ready, easy, graceful writer. During the many years that he has been connected with the agricultural department of the FARMER, he has made that part of the paper second to no paper in the country devoted to the same cause, and has won for himself a reputation as one of the best writers on agricultural topics in New England. He has many warm friends in Maine who will regret his departure from the FARMER and from the State (being understood that he will shortly move to Boston), and with the readers and publishers of the paper, most heartily with his abundant success in all the undertakings of life.

Mr. William B. Lapham, who for the past seven years, with the exception of the last nine months, has been the general editor of this paper, after the issue of this number, assumes the duties of agricultural editor. Dr. Lapham is well known throughout Maine. Born and reared upon a farm he knows by the experience derived only from years of toil and service, the actual work and pleasures of a farmer's life. Liberally educated, of an inquiring mind, a close student, a strong thinker, a forcible, vigorous writer, he unites the qualities requisite to fill the editorial chair of a paper founded by Dr. Ezekiel Holmes. With genuine interest in the work he is to thoroughly versed in the science and chemistry of farming, an intimate knowledge of all sections of the State and its people, the readers of the FARMER can feel assured that this paper in the future will maintain the high stand it has occupied in the past.

Pedestrianism.

In the days of the Roman Empire, its subjects were "so sensible of the importance of value without skill and practice, that, in their language, the name of an army was borrowed from the word which signifies exercise." Military exercises were the constant object of their discipline; their exercises comprehended whatever "would add strength to the body, activity to the limbs or grace to the person." The soldiers were all instructed to walk to run, to leap, to swim, to carry heavy burdens. It was the duty of the generals and the governors to encourage these exercises by their presence, and example and often to dispute with them the prize of superior strength. It is said that Hadrian's life, one of the ablest of the Roman generals and emperors, was almost a perpetual journey. An historian in speaking of him says: "Excesses of the difference of seasons and of climates, he marched on foot, and bare-headed, over the snows of Caledonia, and the sultry plains of the Upper Egypt."

For centuries before the birth of Christ, gymnastics were made a part of medical study and became a State master. Plato and Aristotle considered that no reputable could be deemed perfect in which gymnastics, as part of the national establishments were neglected. The Spartans were the most rigid in exacting for their youth gynastic training. During all ages and among all races the masculine sport of foot racing has been ever enjoyed. Among the many forms of exercise, including archery, wrestling, foot racing, boxing, fencing, horseback riding, ball playing and cricket, the most available exercise is walking. Walking is, however, of little benefit as an exercise unless done at a rapid rate. Exercise must be taken in a manner to exhilarate and it then produces fine muscular development which is necessary for vigor of body and mind; for perfect health and a vigorous mind are only to be found in a body whose muscular organization is fully developed. Walking is necessarily the most natural exercise, but it must be indulged in with discretion. All things are subject to the universal law "The far and no farther." The walking manna which has been spreading over this continent, and producing in every town, village and hamlet, a five, or ten, or twenty, or fifty mile champion, may benefit, after all many people, if it will awaken an interest in healthful exercise.

This manna has taken shape in walking matches which culminated in a contest last week at Gilmore's garden in New York City. This was a race, four men participating, to see who would cover the most miles in six days, go as they pleased. It was for the Astley belt and gate money which amounted to over fifty thousand dollars. The contestants were Daniel O'Leary of Clacton, an Irish-American, who won the Astley champion belt in a similar contest in London two years ago when he made the wonderful record of 520 miles and two laps in one hundred and forty-two hours. Charles Rowell an Englishman who is backed by Sir John Astley. Rowell had a record when he commenced the contest, of four hundred and sixty-nine and a half miles in six days. John Evans of Chicago, who had a record of four hundred and two miles made in London, and Charles A. Harrison of Whitefield in this State. Harrison had won many local contests in Maine, but had no state record. The walk began at one o'clock Monday morning, and closed Saturday at eleven o'clock. O'Leary was expected to win before the race began, but at the end of two days he was thirty miles behind, and on the third day broke down and was withdrawn from the contest. Rowell won the belt and championship, and \$20,000, having walked five hundred miles in one hundred and forty hours. Evans was second, having made four hundred and seventy-five miles, and Harrison third, having walked four hundred and fifty miles. Rowell made one hundred and ten miles the first day.

A second ELECTION FOR MAYOR. A second election was held Tuesday for the election of Mayor, there having been no choice on Monday, the 10th inst. 1601 votes were thrown against 1932 on the first day. Mr. Charles E. Nash was elected as the Citizens candidate by 35 majority. We give the vote by wards.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

SECOND ELECTION FOR MAYOR. A second election was held Tuesday for the election of Mayor, there having been no choice on Monday, the 10th inst. 1601 votes were thrown against 1932 on the first day. Mr. Charles E. Nash was elected as the Citizens candidate by 35 majority. We give the vote by wards.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday forenoon at 10 o'clock.

DEATH OF SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWORTH. Dr. John M. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, who has been ill for some time, died on Friday, March 17th. The City Marshal sent in the following notices for police and night watch: J. A. Jones, F. S. Severance, W. T. Tyler. The following were appointed special police: Benjamin Gardner, E. F. Coombs, E. W. Gettelman, James E. Wade, Columbus C. T. Arnold, J. H. Chandler, John Miller, H. H. Chapman. The appointments were laid upon the table for the present. The bond of the City Marshal was submitted and approved.

The board will meet again for the election of the remaining officers and the transaction of other business, on Saturday fore

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, March 19.

Amount of stock at market—Cattle 2065; Sheep and Lambs 3080; Swine 8270; number of Western Cattle 1616; Eastern Cattle 180; Milk Cows and Northern 230.

Prices of Beef cattle per 100 lbs. Live Weight—Extra quality \$5.505 87½; first quality \$5.005 37½; second quality \$4.50 87½; third quality \$4.125 43 75; poorest grades of course Oxen, Bulls, &c., \$3.37 53 75.

Brighton Hides 6¢ per lb.; Brighton Tallow 65¢ per lb.; Country Hides 5¢ per lb.; Calf Skins 10¢ per lb.; Sheep and Lamb Skins 5¢ 25 each; dried Lamb Skins 50¢ 75¢ each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

Average Live Weight.

No. Priced. wt. weight.

AN Monroe \$0.75 L 1450

do 5 50 L 1200

do 5 40 L 1200

do 5 25 L 1200

do 5 55 L 1200

do 5 15 L 1175

do 20 50 L 1250

do 30 50 L 1250

do 20 45 L 1200

do 20 45 L 1100

do 4 50 L 1030

do 5 25 L 1275

J B Cook & Co. 10 55 L 1300

do 10 45 L 1150

do 8 50 L 1050

J Steeson & Co. 19 49 L 1000

do 10 57 L 1194

do 5 45 L 1050

do 5 37 L 1200

do 4 45 L 1300

do 20 45 L 1200

do 20 45 L 1100

J A Hathaway, 49 50 L 1330

C Leavitt & Son 12 50 L 1200

do 5 25 L 1275

do 5 25 L 1200

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

A Legend from the Talmud.
The patriarch Abram sat in his tent door.
Waiting the guest whom God perchance would come.
To ask the alms from his abject store,
Or trust the man who had a trust to give.
The cool wind little carelessly his hair,
Stirred to a w' thanlessness his soul serene,
When looking up, one wailing at the stars,
He said, "I am a man of the earth, I went:
An old, old pilgrim, leaning on his staff,
With vision dim returned his aching gaze,
His heart ached, his head ached, and half-rehearsed in slow, uncertain phrase,
The Father of the Faithful welcomed him.
Bathed the tired feet and professed wine and bread,
Looking to trace, 'wain the celestial path,
That led him to the light that fed,
Yet when once escaped the famished lips—
This broken beaker knew no God but Fire;
So Abram cried in his trembling ire:

"Get out, you're ungrateful, to partake
Of the great desert's shelter, that the night,
Dwelt in the stars, and the light in the sky;
Since he is in the dust as in the light!"
But the Lord called to Abram in sleep:
"How pity thy master,
Unto the last, to lay to keep
Whom God had smitten, soiled, so barked.
—Charlotte M. Pilkerton.

Our Story Teller.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

Seeing my advantage, I pursued it, and in a few minutes had a list of yesterdays. She was a small doll on the table, and I took it with a key she carried about her, and took a sealed packet from it. It was directed to Max.

"This is a list I received from Monsieur de Champs at the Assembly-rooms."
"When you have read it, Mr. Edwards, you will know why I left, why I have deprived my boy of such riches and have given him a home."

She broke into a bitter laugh as she spoke. I took the packet, opened it, and as I read it I could not prevent a cry of surprise. It was a copy of the *Times* of a man who sold it at a Devonshire village between Frederic Maxwell, Baron Danesford, and Ellen Marvin on the 17th of August, 1850. I felt the color rise in my face, as the thought of what had been beating itself into my brain, that Max had married Jeanne de Mignard while his first wife lived.

"Monieur de Champs," said he, "brave the silence at last, - had known me before - I left France, and he loved me. When I came to Danesford, he followed, and by some chance he found but this, and threatened, if I remained, that he would leave him. I left him for it, he left him, he would spare him. I loved Max too well not to come away. She was kind, but he had been of his brother in the hunting-field Max had become Lord Danesford in 1867.

"Monieur de Champs," said he, "brave the silence at last, - had known me before - I left France, and he loved me. When I came to Danesford, he followed, and by some chance he found but this, and threatened, if I remained, that he would leave him. I left him for it, he left him, he would spare him. I loved Max too well not to come away. She was kind, but he had been of his brother in the hunting-field Max had become Lord Danesford in 1867.

"She spoke simply and slowly, in a weak timorous voice, with her face turned towards me. For a moment, as the pack came back to me, and I saw the greatness, the unselfishness of her love, I was moved. She had shown me her arms, for him that she had, we had thought so base, I could not speak.

"Can you forgive me, Lady Danesford?" said he. "I am a wife with you, and thought so? I was too wretched to think of it, or I might have guessed. You will be my friend still, when you went.

They had hardly spoken when the door was shown, she had we had thought so base, I could not speak.

"I can forgive my wife, Lady Danesford?" said he. "I am a wife with you, and thought so? I was too wretched to think of it, or I might have guessed. You will be my friend still, when you went.

"She spoke simply and slowly, in a weak timorous voice, with her face turned towards me. For a moment, as the pack came back to me, and I saw the greatness, the unselfishness of her love, I was moved. She had shown me her arms, for him that she had, we had thought so base, I could not speak.

"Took the little trembling hand I bent, and kissed the little trembling hand I bent.

"I do not give up hope yet," said he, "after a few moments of silence, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me. Alice was with some photographs at a table near Maxwell's couch; among them was the *Times* of 1850, a copy of *Mills'* world-known *chéf-d'œuvre*.

"What day in August is St. Bartholomew's Day, asked, innocently, obtusely for a few moments, when he stopped at the title, but I am not sure at what time of the year. You will let Alice come to you sometimes will you not?" I added, thinking off abruptly.

"It is hard to say this evening with Max, to look at the worn weary face and think of the secret we possessed. I could not be satisfied without knowing the date of his birth, and I could not be satisfied for it least I should arouse suspicion. A mere chance revealed it to me.